

We are a few of those collected here  
 That ruder Tongues distinguish villager,  
 And to say veritie, and not to fable;  
 We are a merry rout, or else a rable  
 Or company, or by a figure, *Choris*  
 That fore thy dignitie will dance a Morris.  
 And I that am the rectifier of all  
 By title Pedagogus, that let fall  
 The Birch upon the breeches of the small ones,  
 And humble with a Ferula the tall ones,  
 Doe here present this Machine, or this frame,  
 And daintie Duke, whose doughtie dismall fame  
 From *Dis* to *Dedalus*, from pest to pillar  
 Is blowne abroad; helpe me thy poore well willer,  
 And with thy twinckling eyes, looke right and straight  
 Vpon this mighty Morr—of mickle waight  
 Is—now comes in, which being glewd together  
 Makes Morris, and the cause that we came hether.  
 The body of our sport of no small study  
 I first appeare, though rude, and raw, and muddy,  
 To speake before thy noble grace, this tenner:  
 At whose great feete I offer up my penner.  
 The next the Lord of May, and Lady bright,  
 The Chambermaid, and Servingman by night  
 That seeke out silent hanging: Then mine Host  
 And his fat Spowse, that welcomes to their cost  
 The gauled Traveller, and with a beckning  
 Informs the Tapster to inflame the reckning:  
 Then the beast eating Clowne, and next the foole,  
 The *Bavian* with long tayle, and eke long toole,  
*Cum multis alijs* that make a dance,  
 Say I, and all shall presently advance.

*Thes.* I, I by any meanes, deere Domine.

*Per.* Produce.

*Musicke Dance.*

Knocke for  
 Schoole. Enter  
 The Dance.

*Intrate filij,* Come forth, and foot it,  
*Ladies,* if we have beene merry  
*And have pleas'd thee with a derry,*  
*And a derry, and a downe*

Say

*The*

*Say the Schoolemen*  
*Duke, if we have*  
*And have done as*  
*Give us but a tre*  
*For a Maypole, a*  
*Ere another year*  
*we'll make thee l*

*Thes.* Take 20

*Hip.* Never fo

*Emil.* Twas an

I never heard a b

*Thes.* Schoole

*Per.* And heer

*Thes.* Now to

*Sch.* May the S

And thy dogs be

May they kill him

And the Ladies ca

*Dij Deaq; omnes.*

*Scena 7.*

*Pal.* About th

To visit me again

Two Swords, and

He's neither man,

I did not thinke a

My lost strength t

And Crest-falne v

Thou art yet a fai

With this refres

To out dure dang

Would make the

That I lay satting l

And not a Souldie

Shall be the last;

If it but hold, I kil

So love, and Fort